Maid. Man.

Brag. I will visit thee at the Lodge.

Maid. That's hereby.

Brag. I know where it is situate.

Maid. Lord how wise you are.

Brag. I will tell thee wonders.

Maid. With what face?

Brag. I loue thee.

Maid. So I heard you say.

Brag. And so farewell.

Maid. Faire weather after you.

Clo. Come *Iaquenetta*, away. *Exeunt.*

Brag. Villaine, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Clo. Well sir, I hope when I doe it, I shall doe it on a full stomacke.

Brag. Thou shalt be heauily punished.

Clo. I am more bound to you then your fellowes, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Brag. Take away this villaine, shut him vp.

Boy. Come you transgressing slaue away.

Clow. Let me not be pent vp sir, I will fast being loose.

Boy. No sir, that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Clow. Well, if euer I doe see the merrie dayes of desolation that I haue seene, some shall see.

Boy. What shall some see?

Clow. Nay nothing, Master *Moth*, but what they looke vpon. It is for prisoners to be silent in their words, and therefore I will say nothing: I thanke God, I haue as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet. *Exit.*

Brag. I doe affect the very ground (which is base) where her shooe (which is baser) guided by her foote (which is basest) doth tread. I shall be forsworne (which is a great argument of falshood) if I loue. And how can that be true loue, which is falsely attempted? Loue is a familiar, Loue is a Diuell. There is no euill Angell but Loue, yet *Sampson* was so tempted, and he had an excellent strength: Yet was *Salomon* so seduced, and he hast a very good witte. *Cupids* Butshaft is too hard for *Hercules* Clubbe, and therefore too much ods for a Spaniards Rapier: The first

first and second cause will not seru
respects not, the *Duello* he regards
led Boy, but his glorie is to subdu
pier, be still Drum, for your mana
Assist me some extemporall god
turne Sonnet. Deuise Wit, write
lumes in folio.

Finis Actu

Actus Sec

Enter the Princesse of France, wit
three Lor

Boyet. Now Madam summon
Consider who the King your fathe
To whom he sends, and what's his
Your selfe held precious in the wo
To parlee with the sole inheritou
Of all perfections that a man may
Matchlesse *Nauarre*, the plea of n
Then *Aquitaine*, a Dowrie for a
Be now as prodigall of all deare g
As Nature was in making Graces d
When she did starue the generall w
And prodigally gaue them all to y

Queene. Good L. *Boyet*, my th
Needs not the painted flourish of y
Beauty is bought by iudgement of
Not vttered by base sayle of chapm
I am leisse proud to heare you tell
Then you much willing to be cou
In spending your wit in the praise
But now to taske the tasker, good

Prin. You are not ignorant all
Doth noyse abroad *Nauar* hath m
Till painefull studie shall out-wear

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Love's Labour's Lost* (STC 22295) LONDON, 1631 UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH (JA 37